

CHARIVARIA.

WE are now asked by the Government to ratify the Declaration of London in the interests of the development of the principles of international agreement. It is feared that no nation will ever try to come to a peaceable arrangement with us again if we should show a determination not to give away our rights.

"It is not the business of a Radical to be satisfied," says Mr. PICKERSGILL, M.P. "If he is satisfied he ceases to be a Radical." He has, in short, become a Minister.

Mr. ASQUITH has denounced Tariff Reform as "the greatest imposture." The PREMIER's definition of an "impostor" is evidently "one who would place an impost on foreign goods."

Two Suffragettes have printed the words, "Votes for Women this Session," in ink on Mr. ASQUITH's doorstep. As the ink is indelible it is thought that the PREMIER will now have to give way.

Out of a total strength of 257,337 non-commissioned officers and men in the Territorial Army, 83,088 are under twenty years of age. This will account for Mr. HALDANE's reference to them the other day as "my children."

We understand that one of the principal difficulties in adopting the proposal for an artistic decoration scheme for the Coronation route is the fear that the famous cream-colour horses might shy at the unfamiliar spectacle.

We cannot help thinking that Miss MARIE CORELLI is ill-advised in her decision to become a playwright. We consider that she should have rested satisfied with the thought that the other literary genius connected with Stratford could never have written her novels.

It is announced that the Provincial Legislature of Prince Edward's Island will shortly repeal the present law which prohibits the running of motor vehicles on public roads. But why be in such a desperate hurry? Wait a bit longer, and motor-cars may be superseded by flying-machines.

The London traffic branch of the Board of Trade recommends the construction of 100 miles of new roads leading out of and around the Metropolis. This should greatly assist



OUR BYE-ELECTION.

Candidate. "BUT, 'MY GOOD MAN,' YOU MUST ADMIT YOUR SIDE SETS CLASS AGAINST CLASS."
Voter. "WELL, SPEAKIN' FOR MESELF, I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS 'ERE CLASSE-A: RED. WY, I OFTEN POPS INTO A 'SECOND' WIV ME WORKMAN'S TICKET!"

the view that London is a delightful place to live out of.

"Whistling is a good thing for the lungs," says *Science Siftings*. "It is said that whistling boys are seldom troubled with bronchitis and pneumonia." But we feel sure that there must be some punishment for them.

We are informed that the production by the British Empire Shakespeare Society of *Love's Labour's Lost* at a moment when Canada is responding to the advances of the United States, is a pure coincidence.

A correspondent has written to *The Express* to say that he lost his

umbrella on a recent visit to Paris, that the loss was mentioned to the Prefect of Police, and that, within a week, the umbrella was returned to its owner in London, with a card on which was printed the single word "Lépine." Frankly, however, we consider that M. Lépine ought never even to have borrowed the umbrella without permission.

"It was a clever goal. Hewitt, after smartly manœuvring the ball, drove a splendid shot obliquely to Whitlour, which the goalkeeper could only deflect with outstretched hands, and before he was again ready Woodhouse had rushed it into the net at the expiration of sixteen minutes."—*Daily Express*.

WOODHOUSE ought to have his licence endorsed for exceeding the speed limit.

THE PARROT REVIVES.

[It is now contended that, if the new Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the States is ratified, the supply of Canadian wheat available for British consumption may be reduced, in which case our food would cost us more.]

BIRD, of whom last week I stated
Death had got you on the hip,
Let me own I antedated
His inexorable grip;
It appears that you contracted just a temporary pip.
Growing daily wan and wanner
With a dull insidious pain—
Once regarded as a goner
You are now yourself again,
Nay, if possible, a little more intelligibly sane.
Like that storied fowl, the Phoenix,
You arise superb and whole,
Stamp my fingers with your free nicks
When I pet you on the poll,
Walk your perch again serenely with the old familiar roll.
Did I say your voice had faltered,
Stricken by the moulting mange?
Wrong! It has but slightly altered,
Suffered but a small key-change
Into something not less strident, something quite as rich
and strange.
And with just the same incision
You will tell us, as before,
With your clear prophetic vision
How our food will cost us more,
Use, indeed, the very diction of the days of dear old yore.
Reciprocity that gave your
Blighted feelings such a blow
Now repairs the rude behaviour
Which so nearly laid you low,
Lets your mouth resume its *métier*, and restores the
status quo.
Yet, though still your voice unbroken
Keeps its patter, word for word,
You must "cross the floor" in token
That your faith has been transferred;
You have shed your Free Trade plumage; you are now
a Tory bird! O.S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HARROW.

A PAPER ON THE WORKS OF MRS. AMANDA M. ROS.

*With apologies to the Conductors of "At the Sign of the Plough" in
"The Cornhill Magazine."*

1. (a) Describe the ornament belonging to Lady Mattie Maynard found by Lord Gifford. *Answer*: "Composed of every colour . . . and terminating in a cat's face studded with diamonds."

(b) State, in his own words, how he discovered the precise purpose of this ornament. *Answer*: "As I coiled it, I could not fail seeing the word 'garter' worked in emeralds about its centre."

2. How may we infer from a casual remark of Lord Gifford's that he had his doubts as to his cousin's claim to be addressed as "Lady" Mattie? *Answer*: "Lady Mattie (Heaven knows who died, or if anyone died and legacied her the title)."

3. What clue is furnished by the author to the identity

of the well-known Dublin Hotel in which Delina Delaney was ushered, with Lord Gifford, by "dim-wigged footmen, bowing before him," into "the elegance of a large drawing-room, more in keeping with the strides of royalty than the requirements of an humble maiden," where "a low fire burned beyond a rug of horny beauty"? *Answer*: "That famous hotel whose Shell burns with a raging heat."

4. Who "instantly picked up the deeply flavoured cigar" which Lord Gifford "cast from him, when nearing an inch or so of its death," in "Antrim's busy capital"? *Answer*: "A stout-lunged newsboy or beggar editor of a penny birdie weekly."

5. How did Lord Gifford "dress himself fully in London's proud fashion"? *Answer*: By "basking his slender extremities in velvet slippers with heels of stiff crimson morocco."

6. Give some description of the sunset witnessed by Lord Gifford while "he sipped unaccompanied by the merest edible." *Answer*: "Golden plumes and arms of cloud, that shone like stacks of fire upon the western rim of the horizon, grew grey and died in a death-pail."

7. In what words did he recognise the body of "Miss Fontaine" as that of his cousin? *Answer*: "O God, it is true! This is my cousin, Lady Mattie Maynard! She had six toes on her right foot!"

8. How did Sir John Dunfern behave on discovering that his wife Irene (*née* Idlesleigh) had, after eloping to America with her "noble and well-learned tutor," Oscar Otwell, gone through a form of marriage with him in that country? *Answer*: "He at once sent for his solicitors, Messrs. Hutchinson and Harper, and ordering his will to be produced, demanded there and then that the pen of persuasion be dipped into the ink of revenge and spread thickly along the paragraph of blood-related charity to blank the intolerable words that referred to the woman he was now convinced, beyond doubt, had braved the bridge of bigamy."

9. Did Oscar Otwell's advertisement in the leading journals for a situation meet with any response? *Answer*: No. "It was treated with muffled silence, so much so that after a month's daily appealing to a praiseworthy public, the result proved a decided failure."

10. In what manner did Irene betray her emotion after reading the letter Oscar wrote to her before committing suicide? *Answer*: "Folding the letter, and handing it to the officers . . . Mrs. Otwell quietly moved again to the breakfast-room, and, strange to say, finished her meal in silence."

11. "The wings of love and lasting strength Shall flap above his hollow bed." On whose tomb were these lines "carefully cut in gilded letters"? *Answer*: "On Sir John Dunfern's."

12. In what terms did Sir John Dunfern's son and heir, Sir Hugh, rebuke his erring mother? *Answer*: "Woman of sin and stray companion of tutorism."

In the opinion of *Mr. Punch* the best sets of answers were received from Mrs. Harris, c/o Mrs. S. Gamp, Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, and — Brooks, Esq. (of Sheffield). A cheque for one thousand guineas has been sent to each of these competitors. F. A.

"Upon the point of elasticity, the explanations forthcoming were most convincing, for it was clearly shown to the satisfaction of practically all the members present that by embedding steel in concrete the elasticity of the concrete was increased ten times, although, of course, concrete had, of itself, no elasticity."—*Cleveland Mercury*.

Ten times nothing is nothing. Most convincing.



THE NEW MOVEMENT.

YOUNG UNIONIST PARTY (to Old Unionist Party). "COME ON OUT, MOTHER, WE SHALL NEVER GET ANYWHERE IN THIS. LET'S TAKE A TAXI."

[A Committee has been formed for the purpose of renovating the present Unionist Organization.]

1. 100 100 100
1. 100 100 100



SLEEPING SICKNESS IN ESSEX.

("At a meet of the Essex Foxhounds at Ongar, Mr. CECIL EDIE was in the act of mounting his horse when it rolled over on him and broke his leg. It is believed the horse was asleep."—*Daily Mirror*.)

MR. PUNCH'S HUNTING CORRESPONDENT, BEING UNFORTUNATELY UNABLE TO INVESTIGATE THE MATTER ON THE SPOT, SENDS A SKETCH OF WHAT HE IMAGINES A MEET OF THE ESSEX HOUNDS MAY BE LIKE.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

[Why are all the Articles on Shopping written by women for women? Let's have one for men too, written by a man.]

TURBOT AND GLADSTONE'S.

At Turbot and Gladstone's is a fine display of smoking materials. Tobacco not only in the ounce but the pound; cigarettes of various sizes and names; some very fanciful pipes of briar and meerschaum; pouches, and all the other necessities of the smoker's life. Inside I found that the promise of the window was fulfilled, an even greater profusion of the divine weed and its adjuncts being visible. I was fortunate in securing a box of excellent matches before they could be snapped up by anyone else, while in exchange for sixpence I obtained no fewer than four really remarkable cigars, highly finished and rolled in a way that reminded me of a St. James's Street umbrella.

AT VICTORIA STATION.

Looking in at the first-class booking-office at Victoria (close to Gorrings's) I was struck by the profusion of tickets

to be obtained there at all prices from threepence upwards. After a long consideration I selected a white one for Brighton and back, which cost me ten shillings, but was well worth the money. I was amused by an old gentleman next to me, who preferred a very crude green article for Portsmouth; but a nice sense of colour is, of course, one of the rarest of gifts.

IN TAILOR LAND.

No one passing down Savile Row can fail to be favourably impressed by the windows of the numerous tailors. The delicate-meshed blinds, through which nothing can be seen from without and everything from within, lend to this thoroughfare a sobriety that makes it a curious contrast with, say, Oxford Street. The trained male mind is, however, aware that on the other side of these obstacles are a great store of trousering material, suitable not only for home but abroad, not only for winter but summer, which busy hands are only too ready to convert into garments for the covering of the masculine leg. Here also are coats and vests and overcoats

and jackets similarly in embryo. Let no one, therefore, neglect Savile Row and its neighbourhood.

THE MONOPOLE SALOON.

For anyone who likes wines and spirits I can cordially recommend the saloon lounge at the Monopole, where a remarkable assortment is kept, and in all shades, from the ghostly pallor of unsweetened gin to the purple richness of old port. After trying a considerable number I came to the conclusion that the faint yellow of the champagne shot with gay sparkles was one of the most satisfactory hues. At an American bar are a number of mixed beverages with quaint and perplexing names, all of which are worth attention. I purchased some few shillings' worth before a sudden dizziness brought my day's shopping to a close.

"Wanted, velvet stole and muff, feather and fur sets ditto, small gas stove, R.C. Church Service and rosary, beaver toque."—*Advt. in "The Lady."*

There are still one or two other things she wants before she can set up house.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Mrs. JEREMY'S face grew more and more startled as she read the indictment to herself at breakfast. She cast a glance of loathing at the innocent piece of bread in front of her, shuddered and pushed the plate away.

"Dear," she said earnestly, looking up from her paper, "we must get some Standard Bread in at once."

"Bread," said Jeremy, looking up from his. "Certainly, dear." He pulled the board towards him and cut a large slice. "Your bread," he remarked, and held it out to her.

She looked up again in surprise and, seeing the bread, shrieked.

"I didn't ask for it, Jeremy. In fact I simply daren't touch it now. Doesn't it say anything about it in your paper?"

"What's the matter with it?" said Jeremy, taking an immense bite. "It's ordinary bread."

"It's Poison."

"Then I think you might have said so before. I've been eating it steadily for half-an-hour." He got up with dignity and stood in front of the fire. "At least you could have saved me that last bite. Doctors will tell you that it is always the last bite which is fatal. We'd better have Baby down. She might like to say good-bye to me."

"Don't be absurd. It can't really be as bad as that. Only haven't you noticed anything about the bread? I can't bear it. It suddenly seems horrid to me."

"What is there to notice in bread? I always notice if I haven't got any, and sometimes I notice if you haven't got any, but—"

"Well, there's too much starch in it, the paper says."

"That accounts for it," said Jeremy, feeling a piece. "I thought it was simply stale. Well, tell them not to put so much in next week."

"There isn't going to be a next week. We're going to start Standard Bread to-day. You're going out on your bicycle to buy some. You'll have to go to Hillborough—they'll never have it in the village."

Jeremy prowled round the room in search of his tobacco, found it, filled his pipe, and returned to the hearth-rug.

"What is Standard Bread?" he asked between puffs.

"You won't ask when you've once eaten it. It does you twice as much good as this stuff. I'm longing to try it."

"But how is it different from this stuff?"

"It contains," said his wife, who

knew it by heart now, "at least eighty per cent. of the whole wheat, including the germ and the semolina."

"Including what?" said Jeremy sharply.

"The germ and the semolina."

"Oh!" He paused for a moment. "I'm not at all sure that I like germs," he announced.

"These aren't those germs, dear," said Mrs. Jeremy soothingly. "These won't hurt you at all."

"I don't see how you know that. Besides, it's very easy to make a mistake with germs. They're tricky little things, I can tell you. The baker may think he's putting in quite a harmless one, a slight cold or something of that sort, and then, just while he's turning round for the semolina, in hops a diphtheria germ looking as innocent as you please. And, anyhow, that reminds me—I loathe semolina. We've been married two years, and you ought to know that I always refuse semolina."

Mrs. Jeremy walked over and patted his head gently.

"We'll just try a loaf, and if you don't like it—"

"If I don't like it I shall live entirely on nuts. You've unnerved me. I've been eating bread—except for a few months at the start—for nearly thirty years, and now you tell me suddenly that it's poison; and that unless I include eighty germs and the whole of the semolina—"

"There, there, get on your bicycle like a good boy and go into Hillborough. I know Cobb won't have it here."

Jeremy grumbled, jumped on to his bicycle and rode off. Having arrived at the baker's he walked firmly in and gave his order.

"I want," he said, "a loaf of Standard Bread."

"Standard bread, Sir?"

"Yes. There's a lot about it in one of the papers. *The Standard*, I suppose. It's a new loaf that they've invented."

"We never see the papers, 'cept a Sunday."

"To-day's Wednesday—that's awkward. We can't wait. But, after all, you're a baker; you oughtn't to want to look up things about bread in papers. It's different for me."

"What's it like?"

"I've never seen any. As far as I am informed it's just like ordinary bread, only it has to contain eighty per cent. of something which I have just forgotten." He put his hand to his head and thought. "Wait—wait—it's coming back. Microbe and tapioca . . . microbe and tapioca . . . mi—"

"Whatever—"

"No, it isn't actually that, but that's

what I remember it by. Ah, now I've got it!" He cleared his throat impressively. "It's got to include the germ and the semolina. And the semolina, mind. Now does that convey anything to you?"

The man scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Maybe I'm wrong about the paper that invented it," said Jeremy. "Now I think of it we don't take in *The Standard*. My wife takes in somebody's *Home Dressmaker*, but it wouldn't be that. And *The Times* still only sells books. How about *Black and White* bread?"

The man scratched his head again, pulled down a dark loaf and suggested it hopefully.

"Well," said Jeremy, "some people might call it merely brown, but I suppose it's near enough. Thank you. I'll take it with me. I've got a bicycle outside."

Mrs. Jeremy received him joyfully, but her face fell when she saw the loaf.

"Why, that's brown bread," she cried.

"Only where it fell off the bicycle," said Jeremy.

"And inside too," said Mrs. Jeremy, cutting it open. "Ordinary brown bread."

"That's the germ," said Jeremy. "They're all brown this year. Gregarious little beggars—just like sheep the way they follow each other. Simply no individuality."

"I wonder if brown bread is all right." She broke a piece off and nibbled at it. "It is ordinary brown bread."

"Is that poison too?"

"I—I don't know."

"Then let's ask cook—she knows everything . . . Oh, cook," Jeremy went on bravely, "about this new bread we're all talking of now—"

"I was just going to ask you, mum," said cook, wiping her hands on her apron. "Did you both like it? Cobb sent up a loaf to-day—"

"Darling," said Jeremy to his wife, as he put his arm round her waist and led her to the baby's cradle, "let us all sing something together. Father is not poisoned. He lives. The family is re-united and goes on."

"I knew there was something funny about that bread," said Mrs. Jeremy.

The baby said nothing—only smiled.

A. A. M.

"IMPROVER. 19. Good shaver, fair hair-cutter."—Advt. in "*Daily Chronicle*."

He must go on improving until he can cut dark hair.

THE FALSE STEP.

SHE was rich. She was beautiful
She was charming. She liked me.

I had only arrived in Switzerland the day before. I had found the men in the hotel prostrate at her feet. I had gazed at her and sighed bitterly. What chance had I?

This was our fourth dance together. We sat it out. Not even the angry stare of her legitimate partner could mar my happiness, any more than the merry laugh of my legitimate partner could ease his misery.

We had known each other but a few hours, and yet already we spoke of the deep things of life—of the things which matter—and not of the floor, the weather, or the elusive snow. We spoke of our inmost personalities. I told her of my hopes, ambitions, and ideals (a subject on which I have inside information), and she, in return, lifted the veil for me and showed me her true thoughts and laughed scornfully at the mask she turned to other men.

"How rarely one meets a fellow-creature with whom one can be absolutely natural," she said pensively. "How nice it would be if one could always speak the truth. One gets so tired of the daily lie and common sham."

"Not lies," I protested. "I hate liars. They are so untrustworthy. You are a woman that any man would trust implicitly."

"'Lies is a strong word," she laughed, "but, apart from their untruthfulness, they may at times be positive virtues. For instance, supposing a man were to hand me my coffee two seconds ahead of the cup. If I were truthful I should say, 'Miserable reptile, do you realise that coffee stains detract from the wearing value of blue satin?' As it is I say, 'Oh, it's only an old skirt. It doesn't matter a bit, thank you. Run along and see if you can get me some more coffee before it all goes. Thanks so much.'"

"You are an angel," I murmured.

"No, an angel would wait there till he arrived with that second cup, but I *don't!* I never run unnecessary risks. Also I carefully avoid him in future."

"Serve him right."

"Moreover," she continued, "when angels say, 'Oh, it doesn't matter a bit, thank you,' they probably mean it. They aren't longing to scratch the man's eyes out all the time! Isn't that the band?"

"May I have another dance later?"
I pleaded.

She glanced at her programme. "I'll give you the one after this. *Au revoir.*"

I watched her as I waltzed, and



Customer (wanting change for a sovereign and finding the bar-tender short of cash, to fellow-customer). "CAN YOU OBLIGE ME, SIR?"

Tragedian ("resting"). "NO, SIR, I REGRET I CANNOT; BUT, AT THE SAME TIME, I THANK YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT."

thought rapturously of my next dance. I knew not whether I revolved on my head or my heels or my partner's toes. What mattered *this* dance! It but filled in the time till I should be with her again. Slowly we caught them up. Heavens! what a neck!—and was there ever such shimmering wavy hair?

Sc-r-r-r-r-r-rch !

She stopped to gather the torn skirt in her left hand and then turned towards me. "It doesn't matter a bit, thanks," she said.

I sought her for the next dance, but she was sitting with her legitimate partner. "Yes, the floor is lovely, isn't it?" she was saying. "I wonder if we are ever going to get any snow."

"FOR SALE. Grey Flea-bitten gelding. Apply to D. E. Keatinge."—*Pioneer*.

The right man in the right place.

MISPLACED.

A 'BUS conductor I have met
Is ever full of vain regret.
He punches tickets very well
And sounds a husky little bell.
He really is extremely nice ;
I don't suppose he has a vice.

He's never rude or rough or snappy,
And yet somehow he looks unhappy.
His secret is, it would appear,
An uncongenial career.

In early youth I understand
He wanted to conduct a band;
Instead of which—'tis ever thus—
He now conducts a motor 'bus.

His Second Time on Earth.

"Personally I'd rather be born poor than a millionaire, and I have some experience in both directions."—*Mr. Andrew Carnegie.*

THE DEGENERACY OF BOYS.

My morning paper recently informed me that "Mr. Charles Thellusson yesterday presented to the museum of a new school at Woodlands, near Doncaster, a birch which, he explained, he stole when he was a boy at Eton." Something might be said as to Mr. Thellusson's position before the law. *Nullum tempus occurrit regi*, and it is possible that the governing body of Eton might, if they cared, institute a successful prosecution against Mr. Thellusson for the dashing offence he committed, let us say, some thirty years ago. They might also, perhaps, recover the dreadful trophy from the museum of Woodlands School by means of a civil action—but I don't suppose they will trouble themselves in either case.

What startles me, however, about this announcement is not so much the confession of Mr. Thellusson as the implication that a birch is now fit only for a museum—that, in short, the manners of our boys are now so mild that birches are not required for their traditional purpose, but may be placed in a glass case and reserved for the inspection and wonder of the curious, together with the headsman's axe and the thumbscrews and the rack—instruments rendered useless by the refinement of the age in which we are fortunate enough to live. Has the birch come to this? I wonder.

But even if it were proved that the birch is still, if I may say so, in full swish all over the land wherever sound knowledge is laboriously driven into the heads of young males we should not be able to stop the lamentations of boisterous and patriotic old gentlemen, who are always ready to "tell you what, Sir, the Country is going to the dogs, Sir. They don't flog boys now, Sir, as you and I used to be flogged. And what's the result, Sir? I'll tell you, Sir: a miserable lot of molly-coddles, Sir. No manliness in the whole lot of 'em. Girls, Sir, that's what they're being turned into. Don't talk to me about brains, Sir. Give me a boy who can take a flogging, Sir. You and I, Sir, didn't bother about brains, and we've not done so badly—hey?" And thereupon he will proceed to wonder why the Yankees and the Germans are getting ahead of us everywhere, and will say some very severe things about Free Trade.

For my part I am convinced that the soaring human boy is at this moment much the same sort of jolly little barbarian as he has always been. Probably he is better cared for and better fed than he used to be, but he still uses catapults, inks his fingers, spoils his clothes and provides temporary resting-places for the birch in the old traditional fashion. I have not yet come across the fork with which you can drive his nature out of him. Modern schoolmasters may take his temperature, but they can't prevent him taking tips or, in fact, any sort of present that may be offered to him; and it still takes wild horses to drag him to the point of expressing his gratitude for gifts in writing. "My dear Aunt," wrote one little fellow, "thanks awfully (blot) for the beautiful present it is just what I wanted we have had a jolly Christmas except for the beastly letter writing with love from Herbert."

This was a boy aged ten. At an age slightly more advanced the distaste for pen and ink begins to be modified. Here is a letter from a boy of fourteen, describing his first day's shooting:—"My dear Grandpa, you may like to know how I've been getting on with my shooting, well the first day I didn't get a shot though I tramped through

turnips all the morning. On Tuesday I went out again and we soon put up a covey of 15, I lost my head completely and loosed off both barrels at once about ten yards behind the last bird, we picked them up again 3 minutes later and having taken aim till it was out of range I hurt my finger in trying to pull the trigger when it was half cocked. Then we came on to birds again and I dropped the bird behind the one I was aiming at, but five minutes after I dropped another by a much better shot, afterwards I got two more and returned home carrying two brace by a string round their necks." For a sporting frankness which extenuates nothing this letter cannot be beaten. There isn't a word about the cartridge hanging fire or the sun being in the shooter's eyes.

Here finally is a Homeric letter written by an English boy in the French language from an English School, and addressed to the French governess of some little girl-friends:—"Chère Mademoiselle, j'espère que vous vous portez bien. Excusez moi de ne pas avoir mit votre nom sur l'enveloppe car je ne le sais pas. Aujourd'hui un de nos garçons qui avait 16 ans ma enuyer un peut de trop alor je lui aie dit venez vous battre avec moi, mais il etait occupé. Je ne pouvait pas lui trouver après ceci. Alor à la fin je lui ai fait descendre dans le Changing Room. Il y avait beaucoup de garçons pour nous voir. Le premier tour je lui ai fait saigner la machoire, alor nous nous sommes reposés pour quelques minutes. Tout les garçons erient 'Depeche tois ça sera fini en quelques minutes, mais il criait 'ma macheroire me fait trop mal.' Mais après un peu de temp nous recomençons notre bataille, cette fois je lui fait saigner le nez et je coupe sa levre. Maintenant nous avons finis et il dit 'Soyez amis, soyez amis avec moi!' Maintenant il membete plus. Avec beaucoup d'amour pour vous tous votre petit ami Charles." On the whole I think we may make our minds easy about the degeneracy and the effeminacy of boys. Indeed I am not at all sure that the birches won't have to come out of their museums. R. C. L.

A PLAINTIVE HEIR.

OUR Special Interpreter sends us the following expressions of opinion given by the infant Viscount MILTON respecting the celebrations attending his christening.

"I am sorry to say," remarked his Lordship severely, "that the proceedings were arranged without my being consulted, and that I cannot regard them as satisfactory. You would think, would you not, that any celebrations on my behalf would be such that I could be permitted to share in them. As a matter of fact, except for the christening, I took practically no part in the show.

"Under these circumstances I think you will admit that some bitterness is permissible. I do not wish for one moment to cast reflection upon the wisdom of my dear Father and Mother, yet I still think it singular that my every wish, upon such a day, should have been thwarted.

"I asked, quite humbly, that I might be allowed to eat the roasted ox. The request was refused. When I desired to taste a portion of the pink part of my own christening cake, my demands were silenced with milk, of which I am already growing more than weary. Instead of being permitted to indulge in the simple pleasures of the swing-boats and steam roundabouts, I was not permitted to enjoy a single moment's liberty; and they didn't let off the fireworks until I was fast asleep in the far wing.

"I understand that I shall be given another large party when I am twenty-one. You may take it from me that I shall insist upon different treatment then."

THE FOOTER MART.

IN ANTICIPATION OF THE NEWSPAPER OF 1921.

[The *Daily Mail* lately proclaimed in startling headlines that a Football Player had been sold for £1,800, and went on to point out that this was a record and represented a price of about twelve guineas per pound (avoirdupois)].

Successful Auction.

MESSRS. RAMSDEN AND PLUNK held their monthly auction at the Footer Mart yesterday afternoon when some attractive lots visited the block, resulting in a good attendance. The sale was advertised for two o'clock precisely, and when Mr. Joseph Ramsden mounted the rostrum a few minutes later cries of "Yah-Taddy-Yah-Yah" and "Gee-Gee-Gee" predominated, indicating the rival interests represented. Mr. Joseph kicked off by saying that the present occasion would be eagerly watched by exponents throughout the world, and he hoped that buyers would not under-estimate the importance of the lots he was to have the honour of putting up that day. He reminded his hearers that although the record of 52 guineas per pound had not been touched that season the state of the market plainly indicated that bigger money would be wanted before long. (Cheers.)

The lots were then put up. Pounds avoirdupois unless otherwise stated.

Lot 1. *Charles Tinker*.—Aged. Bought Sheffield United, May, 1919, 17½ gns. Centre Forward. Lot withdrawn after 11 gns. had been bid.

The Club will do well to put this lot on the field once or twice before offering him, as there was an impression among experts that he had not regained form after the accident of being forgotten last month by the Club Secretary who left him in the Cloak Room at King's Cross for five days.

Lot 2. *Four Novices* (names not given).—Apprenticed combination players, Denton Whoopers. No records. 12s. 9d. (Ventnor Incurables). This was a poor lot. We think the Denton Whoopers are ill advised in adopting the American fashion of shaving the scalp and cropping the ears of their players.

Lot 3. *Bert Brummles*.—27. Full back. Bought Tottenham Hotspurs 1918. 26 gns. Wind defective. No bids.

Lot 4. *"Captain Crumbs"*.—Aged. It was a surprise to many that this well-known player should appear again on the block so soon, but it is understood that



First Farmer. "WHAT BE THEY COMIN' TWO TOGETHER FOR?"

Second Farmer. "LIKELY BECAUSE IT'S GITTIN' LATE AND THEY WANT TO FINISH."

there was something wrong with the purchase money a fortnight ago, the owners of "Captain Crumbs" claiming that he had always been knocked down at pounds *troy* in compliment to his small size. "Captain Crumbs" is four feet five with a forty-seven inch chest measurement, and is nearer sixty than fifty. He has little executive value, his money being due to his eccentric antics on the field which draw big gates. His popularity shows no signs of waning. Forward. Bought Trafford Creepers 1917, 28 gns. *troy*; 28½ gns. *troy* (Bramham Maulers).

Lot 5. *James Tagg*.—27. Considerable interest was evinced when this lot was put up, as it was his first public appearance since he

booted the Dalston referee, and there was no lack of electricity in the air when it was seen that a good fight would result. The lot finally fell to Mr. Postlethwaite, buyer to the Malton Murderers, the immediate runners-up being the Langdale Bodysnatchers and the Palethorpe Ghosts. The price however indicates that in the excitement of the engagement bidders overlooked the fact that this lot has been putting on flesh while in prison and buyers are therefore paying for a quantity of superfluous blubber which cannot be used and must be got rid of before James takes the field. Right Wing. Bought Mowbray Crashers 1919, 22½ gns.; 38 gns. (Malton Murderers).



Host. "HAVE A CIGARETTE, OLD MAN?"

Guest. "No, THANKS—I'VE CHUCKED SMOKING—TOO EFFEMINATE, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Lot 6. Korean Chungs.—The room was crowded when Mr. Fred Plunk himself accepted the bâton from Mr. Joseph and took command. This was probably the first occasion upon which an imported team has been knocked down in one lot, and the circumstances are remarkable. After the fiasco at the Crystal Palace when, in its first match, the team was beaten by the Tottenham Hotspurs who secured twenty-eight goals before the referee stopped the proceedings at half-time, the team played a series of matches against second-rate amateur clubs and girls' schools with indifferent success, and Mr. Plunk was therefore fully justified in offering the lot at lump weight. Bidding was slow, and the lot was knocked down at £3 7s. 4d. for the lump, to a gentleman from the Japanese Legation. The lot comprised sixteen details (two

crippled), and the weight was given as one ton.

The proceedings then terminated. During the afternoon some attention was drawn by the presence of the American lot Silas P. Sago, which, though catalogued, was not put up, it being understood that he had been acquired privately by a firm of Wall Street Agents. Silas was in the cage which has secured him since the fiasco at Messrs. Wiltshire's sale when he laid out the Auctioneer with a hefty clip in the ribs, and the character of this player was well established during the afternoon by his reaching through the bars and presenting a bystander with a thick ear.

We are glad to see that our old friend Mr. George Slaver has brought off another of his coups. Last August he picked up Alf. Dickinson at £40 (lump weight), Alf being in a very low way and not expected to take the field again. Mr. Slaver however sent him to his cure establishment at Homburg, and we understand that when this lot comes to

the block next week he is expected to touch his highest previous figure—viz., 28½ gns. per lb. We congratulate Mr. Slaver on his well-merited success.

"Melilla.—The garrison is preparing to give General Toutée the insignia of the grand crow of military merit."—*Le Progrès*.

The General should escape while there is yet time.

"Diggle did nearly all the scoring in the afternoon, but Gray turned the tables on him in the evening."—*Daily Mirror*.

We cannot regard this as a sportsman-like form of revenge.

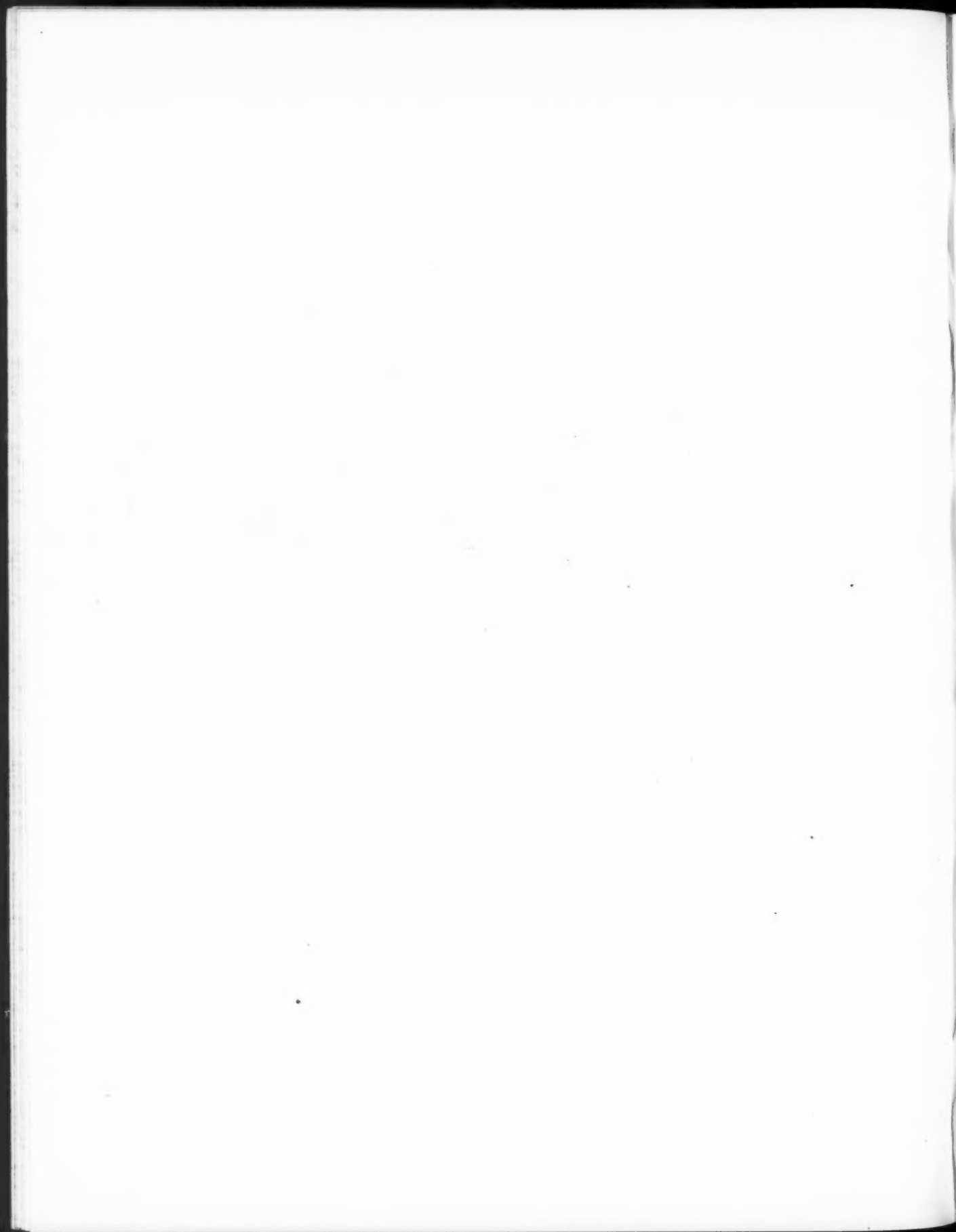
"An economical mother can make from the upper part of a pair of pants that have been hand-knitted a very cosy skirt for a baby petticoat, and a bodice can be cut from the unworn portions of the leg. If this is not dainty enough for the home baby, it will at least make a really sensible addition to the charity parcel."—*Daily Sketch*.

Some baby or other has jolly well got to wear it, after we've taken all this trouble.



THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

PARIS (to London). "GLAD THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SPOIL YOUR CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES FOR A HA'PORTH OF OLD BRICKS. WE NEVER STOP FOR THINGS LIKE THAT."





THE COMING SOCIETY CRAZE. "FIRST AID" AT HOMES. INSTRUCTION COMBINED WITH ENTERTAINMENT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Thursday, Feb. 16.—Since he was gazetted out of active service on account of perennial youth, CHARLIE BERESFORD has taken to cruising across the lobby, up and down the corridors, in a pair of felt slippers several sizes too large, working his way to win'ard with assistance of stout stick.

"What is this?" I asked, never missing opportunity to inform my mind. "Is it the undress uniform of a paid-off Admiral?"

"No, TOBY dear boy, it's gout. I should like to use an adjective. Have tried one or two; found them no better than other forms of medicines; so refrain from further doses."

Hard lines coming immediately on being shelved at time of life when still in prime mentally and, bar transient attack of gout, physically. Happily nothing clouds CHARLIE's cheerfulness. Comforts himself with reflection that he will have undivided leisure now to look after affairs of State and see that Navy is kept up to two-keel standard.

Lengthened life and fuller experience do not increase his respect for Lords of the Admiralty of whatsoever degree. Was one himself for a couple of years, so ought to know. Following on formation of the MARKISS's first Administration, they made him Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. But he didn't care for the ship. One day they brought round in ordinary course of things an estimate of certain expenditure with request that he would sign it.

"Sign it!" cried the LORD COMMISSIONER, hailing the trembling emissary as if he were at the other end of the wharf. "Why, I don't know anything about it. First I've seen of the figures."

Politely explained that it was all a matter of form. Regulations required document should be signed by one of the Lords of Admiralty and CHARLIE had happened to be near at hand. He was obdurate in refusal, and another official, equally uninformed but more pliable, put his name to the paper, which in due course appeared in Navy Estimates.

As soon as he was "unmuzzled," like Mr. G. at Manchester in the Sixties,

CHARLIE came down to House and in Committee on Navy Estimates moved an Amendment. It was terse and to the point. "The allocation of authority at the Admiralty," so it ran, "requires entire reform."

Remember two yarns CHARLIE spun in illustration of his thesis. One told how a Lord of the Admiralty, receiving account of disaster to a ship, couched in technical terms familiar on the quarter-deck and in the gun-room, thought it was bad language, and penned a minute gravely censuring the Captain guilty of the imagined indiscretion.

Another story related to a civilian Lord whom the House thought it recognised. News reached Admiralty of a ship's crew being cast away on small island in the Pacific. Looking over chart, and finding that a cruiser homeward bound had, according to admission made in ship's log, passed the island distant by only two inches' space on the chart, he indignantly wanted to know why the Captain hadn't looked in and brought the men off.

As CHARLIE explained to delighted

Committee, the two inches' space marked on the chart represented a distance of 4,000 miles at sea.

These are frivolities. Let us not forget or fail to recognise that behind a smiling countenance CHARLIE BERESFORD has through a period of thirty years cherished and pursued a serious purpose. To few men more directly than to him is due awakening of Ministerial mind and public conscience to necessity of keeping the British Navy at a standard of strength and efficiency calculated to safeguard the Empire in time of peril.

Business Done.—Time of Private Members up to Easter appropriated for Parliament Bill.

Friday, 17th.—Address out of the way, are settling down to real work of Session. Labour Members approach it with pleased consciousness that whatever may happen they have had themselves photographed in a group seated in their accustomed quarter below Gangway on Ministerial side. Here was missed, not for the first time, the skilful art, the tireless energy of Sir BENJAMIN STONE. During his long honourable service as Member for East Birmingham, he photographed everything and nearly everybody connected with House. Never thought of doing the Labour Members. In his absence they had recourse to operator with flash-light, an agency which gave a curiously spectral look to the face and figure of "MABON," just back from Buckingham Palace, where he had been invested with the high, well-earned dignity of Privy Councillor.

Incident attracted much interest. Example likely to be followed by other sections. The Welsh Members are thinking of having a turn. ELLIS GRIFFITHS, new Leader, sounded on subject, has intimated that if affair comes off he shall have no objection to appear with a harp in his hand and a bardic wreath bound about his manly brow. The Scotch Members not likely to be left out of a good thing. We may presently be able to enrich our albums with photographs, cabinet size, displaying EUGENE WASON at the head of his clan, wearing the kilt and hugging the pibroch.

With object of making fuller study of the effect of new departure in Parliamentary procedure, pressure is being brought to bear on PRIME MINISTER to induce him to authorise copies of the Labour Members' photographs to be circulated with the Votes.

Business Done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

Our Persian Policy—"Koweit and See."

AT THE PLAY.

"ALL THAT MATTERS."

THE title is a breezy rendering of the motto, "*Quid cetera prosunt?*" You might think it meant the world well lost for love or honour or the saving of a soul. Not at all. Something much more solid is thrown in, as you may see from the arms that go with the legend and symbolise peace and plenty in addition to a woman's love. So the motto is not so very splendid. And I couldn't find that it had much relation to the facts of the play. For the hero, though he gets his woman's love in the end, is not likely to have much "peace" with it, to judge from her uncertain and vixenish behaviour;



Hyde (passionately). "I've got her, Pacy. I've got her! (Aside) Pray Heaven the boat comes pretty soon; I can't bear it much longer."

Olive Kimber . . . Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.

Allan Hyde . . . Mr. NORMAN TREVOR.

and I see no prospect of "plenty" for him if he does no better than he did with his farm, which was always in a rotten state.

So much for the title. The play itself contains a few well-observed characters and a patch or two of idealism, but its scheme is of the most artificial and improbable. There never seems to be any good reason for anything that happens. A fatuous female, belonging to a party of Cockney trippers, tripping in Dorset, is inspired for no reason in the world to write an anonymous postcard to a local squire suggesting that he should marry the daughter of a local yeoman. The girl loves another, and for no particular reason concludes that he wrote the post card. Having already quarrelled with him, on the silly pretext that he had neglected his farm because his thoughts were always with her, she

now consents to yield to the advances of the squire, who, instead of being put off, as you might expect, by the anonymous missive, admits that it helped to confirm him in his original designs upon her.

At times the action went with a very halting movement. People always seemed to be wanting to get off the stage and unable to. The audience, eager to speed them into the wings, was impotent. If it was an interior, then a door got in the way; if it was a cave, then the rising tide detained them; and if they were on the top of a down, with nothing to stay their departure, still they stuck.

What attraction the play provided was due to the fine performances of some of the secondary characters. Mr. FISHER WHITE made a noble shepherd, whose dignity had an excellent foil in the frivolous vulgarity of the trippers. But in the last Act he seemed to grow tired of his own voice, and the audience agreed with him. Mr. WARBURTON gave an admirable study of a Scotch agent. But the most remarkable character-sketch was that of Miss HELEN HAYE as the yeoman's wife. With rather colourless material she did wonderful things. Miss NEILSON-TERRY, as the heroine, had an uncongenial part, in which a great deal of arbitrary conduct was required of her. Gaiety and tenderness are the qualities that belong to such youth as hers, and she had little chance of exhibiting either. One traced signs of incipient staginess in her manner, a tendency that is bound to develop if more discretion is not used in the choice of the right parts for her.

Mr. NORMAN TREVOR worked conscientiously as the lover, and seemed to think out everything very carefully before he said it. But it was a lifeless and ligneous part. As for Mr. LYALL SWETE, who ought always to be an old professor or some sort of detached antiquity, being gifted by nature with a voice that would be the making of a don, he was, of course, an absurd selection for the character of a squire.

The trippers, though they were dragged in rather wantonly, were attractive till we had had too much of them. There was one who kept on saying, "That's quite right," and she was a great source of joy to me.

Everybody did his best for the play, but I cannot predict any great profit for the Haymarket. "All that matters" is not gold; it is a rough lump of quartz, with here and there a streak of precious metal, in the proportion of about ten pennyweight to the ton, hardly enough to repay the labour of crushing. O. S.



FAMILY PRIDE.

Girl. "MY FARVER ONCE BROKE IN A SHOP AND PINCHED A DIAMOND BROOCH!"
Policeman's Son. "THAT AIN'T NUFFIN'. MY FARVER PINCHED 'IM!"

ART IN THE BATHROOM.

[*"Tiled paper is the most universal wall treatment of the average bathroom. There are many tiled papers to be found, among them one with sea-gulls skimming across it at intervals, fish swimming in the sea, and clouds, waves, and flying birds."*—*The Evening News.*]

At eventide I love to lie at gaze,
 Wallowing while the calid water wets me,
 And idly watch (provided that the haze
 Subtly composed of steam and soap-suds lets me)
 The sea-gulls and the jelly-fish and all
 The jolly things that deck my bathroom wall.

It makes me think of those delightful dips
 I mean to have this year in far-off August,
 With gentle wavelets lapping round my hips
 And sunshine beating on me, and no raw gust
 To shake my courage with its bitter sting
 And counsel me to shirk the beastly thing.

I turn the tap and conjure up the scene
 What time I let some more hot water trickle:
 Old Ocean shall be bright with silver sheen,
 And Zephyrs for the nonce shall not be fickle,
 While flying birds and swimming fish and such
 Mere odds and ends shall add their pleasing touch.

The prospect charms—but that's at eventide,
 When prospects have a knack of looking rosy.

Next morning comes and spreads a frost outside,
 And things begin to look a lot more prosy.
 Moreover, men who like their water hot
 Are never optimistic when it's not.

So, while I take the Briton's brutal tub
 And view the scene of cloud and fin and feather,
 I call to mind (yes, there's the wretched rub!)
 Last summer's bathes in diabolic weather;
 Then do I murmur sadly, "Hope is vain;
 Things will be just as rotten once again."

A Barbed Wire.

"NAPLES. The man suspected to be 'Peter the Painter' has been identified as—Reuter."—*Midland Evening News.*

Well might they put in that dash; for assuredly it is a great shock to find our old friend Reuter mixed up in this kind of thing.

"Other speeches followed, and finally walked in procession to the new building."—*Eastern Evening News.*

These are what are known as moving speeches.

"He had noticed the moment he read the letter that the line should have been 'O wihi praetentio referral si Jupiter annos,' instead of beginning, 'O di praetentos,' etc."—*Evening Times.*

Of course, of course. Now it all comes back to us.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

THE MULL-KLAW WEDDING.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

I HAVE just returned from witnessing the most superb scenic happening in the whole annals of the New World.

The wedding of Miss Mélisande Semiramis Klaw to the Marquis of Mull was solemnised to-day at the First Church of Rarer Thought, Flatbush Avenue, Dr. van Pelt Blotters officiating.

THE MENACED MARQUIS.

Though the Marquis of Mull had received many sinister threatening letters, no untoward incident occurred to mar the harmony of the nuptials, but special precautions had been taken to guard against accidents, and it was noted that the principal actors in the ceremony wore a strained expression which hardly accorded with so blissful an occasion.

ESCORTED BY BLOODHOUNDS.

In addition to a force of 500 police, armed with Mauser pistols and sand-bags, who mounted guard outside the Marquis's hotel, the carriages of the bride and groom were closely guarded by a squadron of Pinkerton's mounted detectives, each horseman holding a Cuban bloodhound in a leash, the baying of the formidable quadrupeds blending admirably with the salvos of artillery which were discharged at intervals by a battery of the Mull Territorials, who had crossed the Atlantic to do honour to their chief-tain.

SCENE IN THE SANCTUARY.

The church, which is a splendid specimen of Flamboyant Rococo architecture, was profusely decorated with golden rod and thistle, typifying the significance of the union, and banners emblazoned with the names of the protagonists of Rarer Thought, such as Ulysses Opp, Hendrik van Boogaard, and Volney Streaker, were tastefully disposed along the nave, which was carpeted with rich sables.

A LIST OF LUMINARIES.

Shortly after the Marquis of Mull appeared at the altar rail with his best man, Lord Ian Pluscardine, the bride entered the sanctuary leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. Schenectady P. Klaw. She was preceded by two flower-girls, the Misses Gloriana and Polyxena Klaw, and two pages, Master Jared Oelstreich and Master Agag Naselheimer, bearing wands of 22-carat gold with electric-lighted tips. Behind the bride marched the chief maid of

honour, Miss Aphrodite Klaw, followed by the six bridesmaids, the Misses Volumnia Vandercrup, Artemis Chew, Jeanne Dare Pogram, Araminta Cromwell Bangs, Aspasia Conger and Miriam Otaheite Stodge, the last-named replacing Miss Sonora Schlumbacher, who is suffering from Californian mumps. Rumour credits Miss Stodge with being engaged to Mr. Bolossy Klaw, a brother of the bride, but no official announcement has yet been made. Miss Stodge's mother, it may be mentioned, was the former Peruvian Princess, Dadapalona Fufunga, in whose veins runs the bluest blood of the Onoto Incas. The Princess was conspicuous amongst the 5,000 guests in a superb robe of Peruvian pemmican, set off by a conical talc helmet with a phosphorescent peak and puma-skin ear-flaps. The service was partly choral, partly orchestral, but altogether bioscopic. Mr. Pinkerton presided at the grand organ, Mr. Samson Bangs had charge of the instruments of percussion, and Professor Rooseboom operated the contrabass tonkophone. I had almost forgotten to add that the ushers numbered eight, including Lord Archibald Kingander, Mr. Otis Slott, Mr. Nahum Titus, Mr. Ignatius Loyola Schloss and Mr. Peabody Greathead. Lord Talboys acted as ringmaster, and Senator Tertius Cramp was janitor of the vestry.

CONFECTIONERY IN EXCELSIS.

The wedding cake is generally admitted to have been the richest and largest example of matrimonial confectionery ever constructed. It was ten storeys or 100 feet high, and weighed 20 tons. The confectioners state that it cost 100,000 dollars, but this is obviously an underestimate. It was profusely embellished with cupids, farandoles, ghibellines, gobelins, abacots, holophotes, marabouts and other appropriate figures. Ten detectives, disguised in angelica uniforms with almond-paste buckles, were concealed in the interior, one in each storey, to prevent depredations on the part of sweet-toothed kleptomaniacs.

MR. KLAW'S CHEQUE.

Although the presents were of unparalleled sumptuousness and splendour, they were naturally eclipsed by the chief exhibit of the collection, Mr. Klaw's cheque. This was displayed on a special stand under a crystal magnifying glass and was guarded by a special posse of detectives dressed as noblemen of the Court of Louis XIV. The amount of the cheque was so portentous that the resources of wireless telegraphy are unequal to an accurate

record of the figures into which it runs. The bride's wedding dress was of old Clos Vougeot satin with mosaic insertions of peacock's feathers imitated in precious stones. She wore a triple diamond tiara illuminated by a radium fountain, and her shoes had belonged to MARIE ANTOINETTE.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

ACCORDING to a writer in *The Medical Times*, among the symptoms of digestive failure or "slow suicide" may be included "a feeling of lightness and ease after a substantial meal, hunger some two hours subsequently, and sound sleep at night." As this appears to us to open up fresh and absorbing regions of speculation for the hypochondriac, we have ourselves been at pains to collect a few similar warnings. As under:—

A craving for open-air exercise on a fine day, coupled with exhilaration and a marked absence of fatigue, is one of the most significant symptoms of approaching beri-beri.

Pronounced cheerfulness in the early morning, manifesting itself in sustained and jovial conversation at the breakfast-table, very frequently precedes an attack of homicidal mania—on the part of somebody else.

Similar hilarity at the evening meal, increasing towards the close of the day, is usually caused by incipient alcoholic poisoning.

Optimism generally, or a disposition to look at the bright side of things, should be regarded with the gravest suspicion. The patient should at once consult as many volumes of the medical press as may be obtainable. A course of these, even should it fail to identify the precise malady, will almost invariably be found to have removed the symptom.

The Five Hundred Pour Rire.

MR. GULLAND, Scottish Whip, who was reported to have announced that he was already compiling a list of possible new Peers, has denied the allegation and attributed the misunderstanding to the dulness of his Edinburgh audience. To compensate for the disappointment caused by this *démenti*, Mr. Punch himself, ever animated by a passionate desire to make his pages the repository of the best British humour, is prepared to receive the names of any gentlemen volunteering for nobility, and to publish them in his columns.

Better Late than Never.

"The Mayor proposed that the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward V. be loyally and properly celebrated in the Borough."

Torquay Times.



THE SUBTLETIES OF CRIME.

(Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a published letter, recently referred to a case of burglary "without any aggravating circumstances.")
Cautious Burglar (to whimsical colleague). "DON'T MESS THE OLD GIRL'S NEW 'ATS ABAHT, BILL. THAT'LL CONSTITOOT A
 HAGGRAVATIN' CIRCUMSTANCE."

TO MY PARTNER FOR THE NEXT DANCE.

HASTE not, I pray you, from the easy-chair,
 The lounge, the sofa, or whate'er it be;
 Remain, to all appearance, unaware
 That you arranged, my captivating fair,
 To do a dance with me.

There was a moment, dear, when I implored,
 And positively wished you, gentle pard,
 To brave with me the much-bebeeswax'd board,
 And both of us were careful to record
 Our pledge upon a card.

My recollections of the scene are few;
 I know not rightly why the thing was done;
 I only know that one delightful view
 Was quite enough to demonstrate that you
 Were looking—well, A1!

Such was the thought. Then follow'd swift the act—
 The introduction, and the courtly bow,
 The mild persuasion, and the solemn pact
 For Number Ten, which is, in point of fact,
 The one that's coming now.

I have perhaps a *too* "fantastic too;"
 I am notorious before I've made

A single circuit, and my partners slow
 Discreetly down, and think they'd like to go
 And have some lemonade.

So will it be with us. The fatal tryst
 Will end in sorrow, as it always ends;
 I am, in many ways, an optimist,
 But I can promise you we should desist
 More enemies than friends.

Therefore, my Muriel, if I awoke
 An interest, but nothing like a throb,
 Nothing more warm than all these other folk,
 Come, let us dance. We shall, at least, provoke
 The laughter of the mob.

But if you love me; if, when I advance,
 Your heart at once begins to hop about;
 Nay, if there be the faintest sort of chance,
 Don't let us risk it on a beastly dance—
 Let's go and sit it out.

Let them rotate. Let us at least refrain.
 The comfortable chairs will all be free.
 Come, I implore you, when they start again,
 Leave on the instant yon repulsive swain,
 And sit and talk to me.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"You mustn't kneel, Billy! Stoop!" This remark has nothing to do with small boys and leap-frog. It was what KING EDWARD said when RUSSELL, first and greatest of war-correspondents "hopped" into the Royal presence to receive a last addition to the many Orders and medals that he had won in his four-score-and-two years. Since the days when, as an obscure young Irish journalist, a despised and unwelcome camp-follower, he fought with angry generals in the Crimea for the cause of truth, the dignity of his profession, and the welfare of the British soldier, in five campaigns and four continents he had placed his life fearlessly at the disposal of *The Times* and his country. He had made a few mistakes and troops of friends; had upset a Government and saved an army. In India he had pleaded for mercy, in America for a wiser judgment of the cause at issue between North and South. And now he had become "Billy" to all men, from the King downwards, and was beloved by many of those whom he had most freely criticised. Accurate, shrewd, humorous, great-hearted, he was a model to the war-correspondents of the present day, who owe to him their advantageous position at the elbow of the Headquarters Staff, and may reflect, in the rush of their journalistic "scoops," that it is one thing to get first to the telegraph office and quite another to make literature in the heat of battle. I have much to say about *The Life of Sir William Howard Russell* (MURRAY), but I must confine myself to this, that its author, Mr. J. B. ATKINS (a good 'un, heart and hand, a worthy spokesman of that other Atkins whose Christian name is Thomas, and himself a war-correspondent of great experience and distinction) has done his work most modestly and well. He has let "BILLY" RUSSELL tell his own story as nearly as possible in his own words, so that RUSSELL himself and DICKENS and THACKERAY and DELANE and BISMARCK and WOLSELEY and EVELYN WOOD and OUTRAM and COLIN CAMPBELL and LINCOLN and RAGLAN and a whole host of nineteenth-century heroes are presented with lifelike fidelity in the pages of this fascinating book. And the word-pictures are so good that it's truly a case of "Thank you, Mister Atkins . . . when the drum begins to roll."

It is midnight, and I have just finished *Impatient Griselda* (daintily published by MARTIN SECKER). Let me heap injudicious praise upon it at once, before I have time to become professionally captious. *Delicia Hepburn* went out into the world in her early and impressionable youth and absorbed ideas. She became not a Suffragette, but a daring and persuasive advocate of the higher emancipation of woman. Her theories she put into print but not into practice, for there came into her life at the critical juncture a wise and witty husband, who knew exactly how to deal with her. Conceive, however, the

theorist's delight on discovering in *Griselda*, the intelligent and ultra-feminine, a devout disciple. Conceive her qualms on beholding the devout disciple of an ideal threatening to become a strict and literal practitioner. Conceive, lastly, my interest and amusement throughout, as I watched the passionate romance of *Griselda* undoing for *Delicia* her heartless creed as surely as the heartless creed of *Delicia* was undoing for *Griselda* her passionate romance. Such a nice theme of true comedy required the most delicate handling, but it could not have been left with a more capable and ingenious manipulator than Mr. LAURENCE NORTH. His supers are as lively as his protagonists; his milieu is every-day but original; and particularly I applaud him for his creation of one of the very few human K.C.'s of modern fiction. Had I waited to write this notice by the cold light (if any) of day, I should have made no difference, save to quarrel with the author over the manner of his epilogue.

I must confess that I always find it very fascinating to read about anyone else having his leg pulled, and Mr. BRAM STOKER's book, *Famous Impostors* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON),

provides such delights in abundance. The subjects are treated biographically, but the author, in dealing with his facts, has brought to their arrangement the skilled novelist's instinct for what is interesting. His net embraces typical impostors from the least to the greatest, from the *Wandering Jew* and JINNY BINGHAM (who was known as Mother Damnable) to Princess OLIVE, who cut at the throne of England, and ARTHUR ORTON, the Tichborne Colossus. We have THEODORE HOOK, who for a hoax filled Berners Street with tradesmen's carts calling at an offensive-looking house with a

brass plate. We have JOHN LAW, who gave France a huge financial boom and knocked the bottom out of it all in a few months. We have the unscrupulous quack, CAGLIOSTRO. We have PERKIN WARBECK, the pretender. And we have finally Queen ELIZABETH, whom quite a number of people believe to have been a man. Mr. STOKER puts her case judicially, but I think he is nearly convinced of the truth of the Gloucestershire tradition which tells of the Princess dying as a child and of the substitution of the Bisley boy. Personally I can seldom trust myself with such mysteries, because I find somehow that I have generally an unreasonable leaning towards the improbable and unaccepted solution. But the Maiden Queen—Think how small RALEIGH would have felt that muddy day!

A pretty Compliment.

A correspondent informs us that at the last scientific meeting of the Zoological Society Mr. OLDFIELD THOMAS described a collection of mammals from Eastern Asia, and stated that, in recognition of the help given by the Duke of BEDFORD in forming this collection, he proposed to name a new species of Striped Shrew after the DUCHESS.



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

1. THE JUGGLER AT BREAKFAST.